

THE JARR FAMILY

ROY L. MCARDLE

"How long have we been married, do you think?" asked Mrs. Jarr the other evening.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Jarr, yawning. "Let me see how long it is." And Mr. Jarr gave an imitation of a man thinking.

"That shows how much you care, or how much you are interested. But it is such indifference as that which hurts a woman and hurts her very much. You never seem to remember any of our little anniversaries—when we were married, my birthdays, the children's birthdays, nothing."

"How old is little Emma?" asked Mr. Jarr. "She doesn't appear to be growing like little Willie is."

"Little Emma is four; no, let me see; she will be five her next birthday, which is the 20th of October. Or, let me see; is it the 20th or the 18th? No, Willie's birthday is in October and little Emma's is in December. Don't look at me that way! You get me all confused!"

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Jarr. "and yet you roast me for not remembering birthdays!"

"Yes, I do!" said Mrs. Jarr. "A little thoughtfulness that way means a great deal to a woman. Mrs. Kittingly was telling me that her second husband was so thoughtful about her birthdays. He never forgot them; always brought home a big bunch of roses and some little gift every birthday. He never forgot it once!"

"Why, they only lived together a year!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, the principle of the thing is what I'm speaking about," said Mrs. Jarr. "If they had lived together twenty years he would have always brought her flowers on her birthday, for he was so considerate in those things. Mrs. Kittingly says that she often cries about it when she thinks of it. What a pity he was such a brute and treated her so terribly, drinking up her money and running away with another woman!"

"Oh, but he's all right, because he brought home a dollar bunch of flowers once and then spent all her money," said Mr. Jarr, testily.

"He might have been a better man in other ways, that's true," said Mrs. Jarr. "But he was thoughtful in some things, and that goes a long way with a woman. And yet all days are the same to you!"

"Thank it being roses, flowers and trinkets and boxes of candy sometimes!" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, yes, sometimes; but not very often," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But you don't do it especially on birthdays or anniversaries; and that reminds me about our anniversary. Do you think we ought to give an affair?"

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I wouldn't want people to say we were celebrating an anniversary—just to get some gifts. What's the use of getting gifts that way? If you do they have to be all repaid back in gifts to them who gave them, on THEIR anniversaries. It is just like getting wedding presents. Then you are under obligations to people who sent you presents to send back presents when their daughters or their sisters and their cousins and their aunts marry."

"We could give just a little party to our closest friends and say 'Kindly omit presents on the invitations, couldn't we?'" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Who are our friends?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "We know a lot of people, but who are we very, very fond of?"

"By Jove! that's true," said Mr. Jarr. "Come to think of it, when we grow older and more sensible we come to the conclusion that all the people we know are not and that we really like nobody."

"I thought that!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I wouldn't want to hear that! But that explains many things to me in your actions! selfish things! You don't love anybody but yourself!"

"I didn't mean it that way," said Mr. Jarr, hurriedly. "What I meant was that as the enthusiasm of youth is worn away by the years we see things clearer, and the foolish infatuations and friendships of our early days appear—well, a little foolish to us. Isn't that so?"

"I don't want to talk with you," said Mrs. Jarr. "If that is what you think! I have a lot of friends—very dear friends; friends who would do anything for me and for whom I would do anything. I do not regard my friendships as business arrangements, that I must get something out of! If I love others I want to do things for them. It isn't what they do for me, or what I expect from them that makes me value their acquaintance!"

"Well, you are going to give a big anniversary party, then?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, not a big one; it's too much trouble," said Mrs. Jarr, quickly. "It is expensive, too, and no matter how much you spend you can't satisfy people. You can't invite everybody, and that makes trouble, and besides, our next anniversary is in an off year; it's not specifically any sort of an anniversary. Those come every year, such as tin, paper, crystal, linen and silver, you know."

"Why, I thought we'd say 'Kindly omit presents,' anyway!" said Mr. Jarr.

"And do you think I'm going to fill my house and muss the carpets and everything for a lot of people, and not get anything for it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

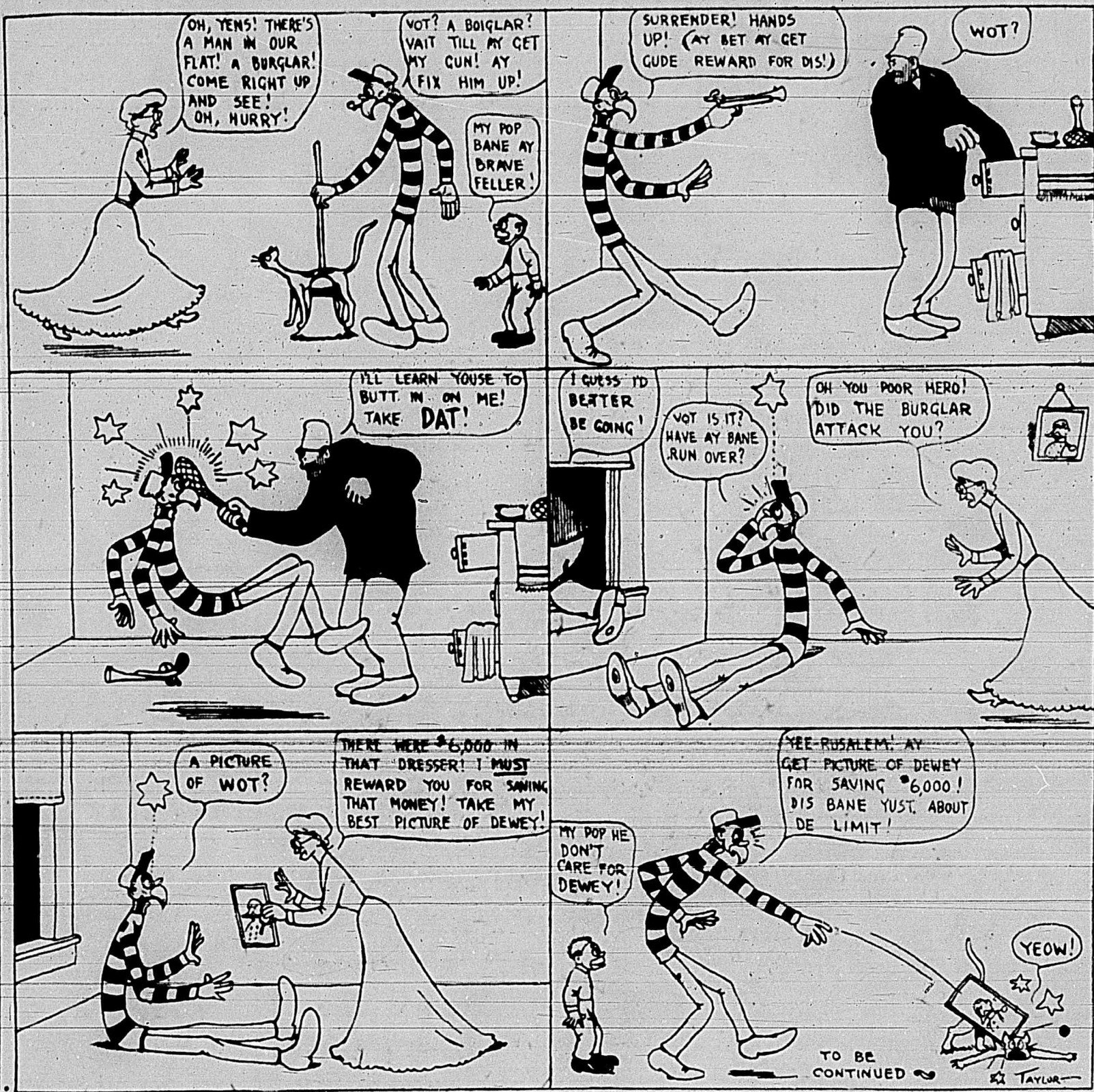
"But the few particular, the close and loving friends?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Name a few!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Nobody does anything for me!"

Yens Yensen, Yanitor

He Makes a "Hero Play" for That Tip What He Got.

By R. W. Taylor.



Another Dramatic Turn in the Romantic Career of Dick Lane, a Hero of "The Round Up."

Back From the Dead To See His Sweetheart Married to Another.

The Round Up.

(A Romance founded on the great play of the same name.)

By John Murray.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jack Payson, owner of the K ranch in Arizona, is about to marry Echo, the beautiful daughter of Jim Allen, an old friend of his. Echo was formerly engaged to the man who was killed by the Indians, but who is really alive and has lately written to Jack asking him to break the news of his existence to Echo. This Jack has not done, fearing that Echo might be hurt by her early pledge to Dick. The guests—a crowd of cowboys—assemble at the ranch for the wedding of Jack and Echo. "Slim" Hoover, the fat Sheriff of the county, is acting as the officiant, and is engaged to Echo's cousin, Polly, whom Hoover has secretly married. The wedding ceremony is about to begin when Dick Lane appears and is met by Jack, who, without telling him what is afoot, persuades him to go away without seeing Echo. Dick consents, saying that he has been told that his years before, McKee, hidden, hears their conversation.

CHAPTER X.

Back From the Dead.

JACK'S absence had caused Jim Allen, who hurried out on the porch, to exclaim: "Say, Jack! What do you mean by putting the brakes on this wedding?"

"Jim—say, Jim! I—I want you to do something for me," cried Jack, as he rushed toward his future father-in-law, greatly excited.

"Sure!" answered Allen, heartily.

"Stand here at this door during the ceremony, and no matter what happens, don't let any one in."

"But—" interrupted Allen.

"Don't ask me to explain," blurted Jack. "Echo's happiness is at stake."

"That settles it—she's my daughter, an' I'll not let any one spile her happiness. Nobody gets in!"

"Remember—no one—no matter who it is," emphasized Jack, as he darted into the house.

Jim Allen lighted his pipe. "Now what's eating him?" he muttered to himself. "They're off!" he cried, looking through the window.

The Rev. Sam Price began to drone the marriage service.

CHAPTER XI.

A Cowboy Wedding.

IT is the little things in life that count, after all. Men will work themselves into hysteria over the buzzing of a fly and plan a battle-ship in a boiler-ship. A city full of people will become panic-stricken over the burning of a rubbish heap and camp out in the ruins of a fire-swept home. Theosophers write treatises of cause and effect. In chemistry certain combinations give certain results. But no man can say, "I will do this and do this, and that may follow." All things are possible, but few things are probable.

Dick Lane had planned to shield Echo by writing to Jack, telling him to break the news of his return. Fate would have it that the letter would not be sent directly to her might have been prevented much unhappiness and many heart aches. Not till months later when happiness had returned did Jack realize that his one great mistake was made by not telling Echo of Dick's rescue.

Both Dick and Echo had had a change of heart when they met again. Echo was young. Dick had wandered far. Both had lost touch with common interests. Jack Payson had entered her life as a factor. He was eager and impetuous; Dick was settled and world-wise. By hard work and much physical suffering, now Jack was at the altar, racked with mental torture while Dick waited in the garden for the bridesmaid.

The frequent cause of the tragedy was Echo's reply to the question of the marriage ritual while Jack was looking at Allen said to himself, "damned squeamish."

"According to these words, it is the will of God that nothing shall sever

In and Out of the Theatres

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself painfully "Stings," writes: "Glad to see you getting after the speculators. Hit 'em again! There's little to be gained by 'hitting 'em' so long as they are protected by law, for it would be impossible to knock them out with a two column club. They not only have the law at Albany on their side, but at least some of our finest 'hans' are as well."

Looking by the way, a complacent policeman in front of the Herald Square Theatre allows them to break the law right under his official nose.

"Ticket speculators have no right to obstruct the entrance to a theatre, but they take that right in defiance of policemen and everybody else. The 'Beware of Speculators' sign outside the Herald Square is almost as funny as anything Lew Fields does inside. Evidently the man on the door doesn't believe in signs. Occasionally a manager makes a stand against speculators. Mr. Alf Hayman more than once has fought them back from the door of the Empire, and I am told that Mr. Daniel Frohman employs a squad of Pinkerton men to combat the evil at the Lyceum, where the popularity of 'The Trust' with the upper part of the house has led the sidewalk gang to use every possible means to get its clutches on fifty-cent and dollar seats.

The devices to which these politely termed 'speculators' resort in order to get tickets at theatres where the demand is great are to put it mildly, surprisingly ingenious. A favorite scheme is to put a well-dressed woman into a cab and trot her off to the box office for tickets. The other day when a theatrical man complimented a former chorus girl on her prosperous appearance, she frankly told him that her splendor was the result of her industry on behalf of a certain speculator. She was the 'Lady in the Cab' during working hours.

When there is 'nothing doing' at the box offices the speculators send to Tyson's or the hotel agencies and willingly pay a premium for tickets. Recently a 'big haul' was made at a Broadway house by an intellectual looking woman who said she conducted a private school and wanted to send her 'girls' to see the play that was nightly packing the house. She walked off with thirty tickets. The people who walked in with the tickets on the following night were not girls from a private school, but students from the sidewalk school of experience.

Whenever it is possible the speculators anticipate a 'success.' If a play is produced out of town, they take means of finding out whether it is likely to be a 'winner' in New York. It

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Girl's Dress—Pattern No. 5789. Sizes 6 to 12 years.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT! Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Household Hints.

Raisin Pie.
ONE-HALF pound raisins, boil in 1 cup water until tender; juice of 1 small lemon, pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Add large lump butter and thicken with flour mixed with cold water. Allow to cool before filling pie. Bake with two crusts.

Biscuit Dough.
TWO ONE pint of flour take two teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt and a scant cup of milk or water, to make stiff enough to roll out.

Two-Egg Cake.
CREAM together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar. Sift together four times two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, and a little salt. Add a little of this flour to the creamed butter and sugar, then break in an egg without beating, a little more flour and another egg, breaking well between each. Add the baking powder and the flour alternately with a cup of sweet milk. Flavor to taste and bake forty-five minutes in loaf tin. Frosting—Two tablespoons of milk and a few drops of vanilla; thickened to spread, with confectioner's sugar.

"Limerick" Prize Winners.

The First Evening World Readers to Capture the \$10-a-Day "Limerick" Prizes.

EVERY DAY until further announcement THE EVENING WORLD will give three prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$1 for the three best last lines for uncompleted "limericks."

Today the prizes are awarded for completing this limerick, published last Thursday:

Suppose you'd a visit to pay
To Eleven-seven Broadway,
What route would you take
So's to get there awake?

FIRST PRIZE—\$5.
Shank's Mare is the safest, I'd say.
RUTH BARCOCK, No. 127 East Nineteenth street, Brooklyn.

SECOND PRIZE—\$3.
Why, "the sleeper," of course! You're a Jay!
MINNIE L. McDONOUGH, Melrose, Rensselaer County, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—\$1.
Why, I'd take the S. P. C. A.
MILTON EPSTEIN, No. 113 West One Hundred and Third street, N. Y.

Prizes for the "limerick" here printed will be awarded Thursday, Oct. 10.

A salesman from Borough Park Station
Was robbed of his summer vacation,
But late in the autumn
His fond wife besought him

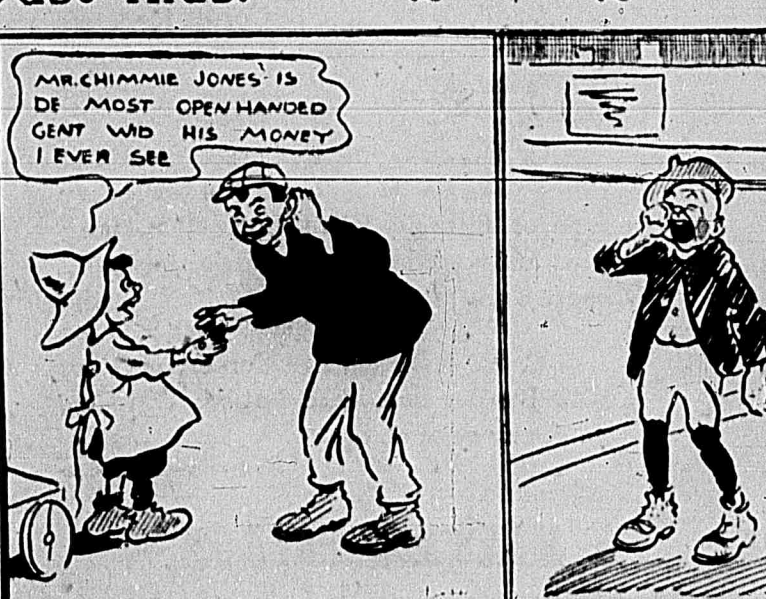
Write the line to complete this "limerick" and send to "LAST LINE" EDITOR, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, New York City.

It is not necessary to use this coupon in sending in your answer, but you may do so if you desire.

The contest is open to all without charge.

Utilizing Old Rope.
SOME time ago a woolen manufacturer in the North of England succeeded in making a fabric from old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old-rope and cordage, unravelled them and wove them by a secret process into a kind of rough cloth.

Just Kids.



"Here's a cent. Don't spend it reckless or some day youse may have ter blush when dey questions yer in supplem'try proceedin's."

"What are you crying about, my poor boy?"

"Me an' Chimmie was playin' 'President,' an' he hogged de title of 'undesirable citizen' an' left me nothin' to do but mollycoddle."

Beauty Hints.

Miss Margaret Hubbard Ayer's weekly "At Home" for health and beauty seekers will be resumed to-morrow at Room 48, Palliser Building (third floor), and will be continued each Tuesday from 2 to 4 P. M.

Hair Turning Gray.

A. T.—Nothing will restore either blond or brunette hair to its natural color, on the gray hairs have got a good start. Scalp massage, if the treatment is taken in time, will sometimes stimulate the coloring matter and remove its vigor.

but if the natural color is very ardent, it is usually necessary to have the hair dyed.

Enlarged Pores.

T.—Here is a formula for a healing lotion. Use it on your skin until the soreness has disappeared. Then get a good complexion brush and a pure soap. Scrub your face well in warm water once a day, rinsing it in several clear waters. The pores will eventually contract to their proper size, but it will take some time. Melt together 5 ounces pure lard and 2½ ounces white wax, add 12 ounces balsam of fir, and when it begins to cool, stir in 1½ ounce carbolic acid. The addition of balsam of fir to this preparation corrects the disagreeable odor of the acid and renders it slightly adhesive, which is desirable.

Trouble with the Eye.

M. J. K.—I fear this extract on the eye is a case for a doctor, and if you cannot arrange to call one in, take your mother to one of the clinics, where she will get excellent treatment.

How's Your Luck?

Horoscope for To-Day.

By Ali Baba Boo.

Monday, Oct. 7, 1907.

AN excellent day. Extremely auspicious for those who seek new employment or business. Especially beneficial are the influences before 10.30 A. M. Ask favors boldly. Push all pending affairs.

A good afternoon and evening for courtship or marriage. Favorable for domestic affairs, particularly baking.

Those whose birthdate this is must have a prosperous year, but will guard their health. They will have an opportunity to travel or remove, and should consider the matter well. It is a hazard of new fortunes and needs deliberate and wise reflection.

The boy born to-day will be prosperous in business or eminent in a profession. He will be much respected. Early education must aim to cure him of the fault of having a most unsettled disposition.

The girl born to-day will marry early and be generally happy. Her main fault will be a love of gossip. It will 've her trouble if not checked in youth.